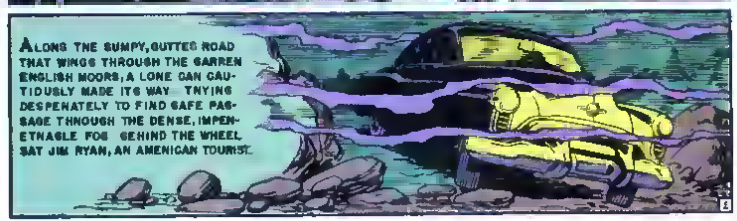
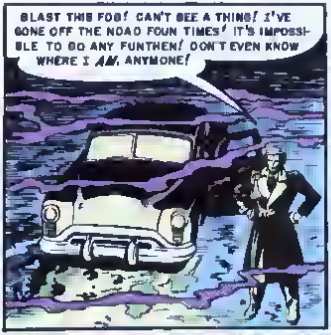
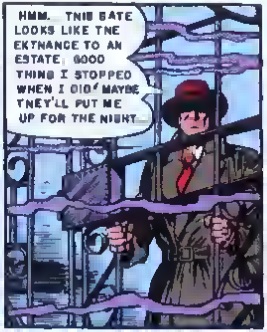
HORROR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 6
JAN
THE VAULT OF HORROR®
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
2.00
2.65
CANADA
FEATURING...
E VAULT-KEEPER
HE OLD WITCH
HE CRYPT-KEEPER
GOOD LORD... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY HANDS? THEY'RE CHANGING! THEY LOOK... LIKE AN ANIMAL'S!

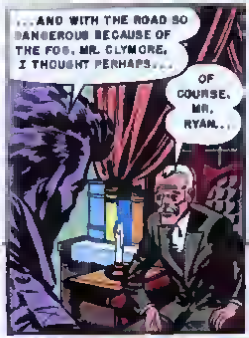
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

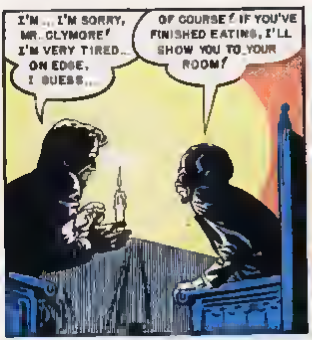


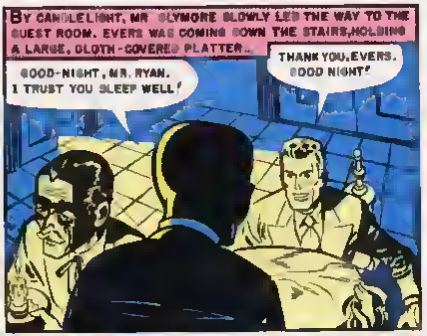


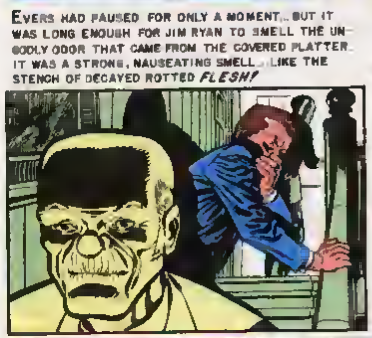


JIM RYAN FOUND HIS WAY TO AN ANCIENT, DECREPIT HOUSE. THE DOOR WAS OPENED TO HIS KNOCKS, AND AN AGED, GENT BUTLER USHERED HIM INTO THE PRESENCE OF ANDREW CLYMORE...

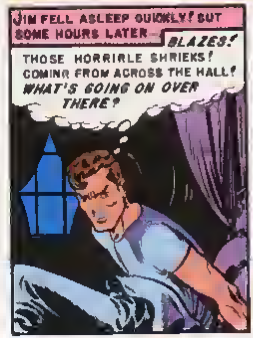



I'M ... I'M SORRY, MR. CLYMORE! I'M VERY TIRED... ON EDGE, I GUESS...
OF COURSE! IF YOU'VE FINISHED EATING, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM!

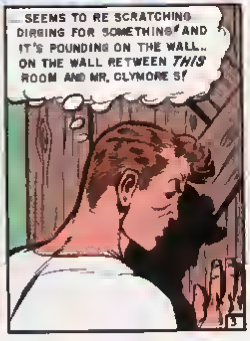

BY CANDLELIGHT, MR. CLYMORE SLOWLY LED THE WAY TO THE GUEST ROOM. EVERS WAS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS, HOLDING A LARGE, CLOTH-COVERED PLATTER...
GOOD-NIGHT, MR. RYAN. I TRUST YOU SLEEP WELL!
THANK YOU, EVERS. GOOD NIGHT!


EVERS HAD PAUSED FOR ONLY A MOMENT... BUT IT WAS LONG ENOUGH FOR JIM RYAN TO SMELL THE UNGODLY ODOR THAT CAME FROM THE COVERED PLATTER. IT WAS A STRONG, NAUSEATING SMELL... LIKE THE STENCH OF DECAYED ROTTED FLESH!

...WHAT AN IMMENSE DOOR! AND THOSE STRANGE WHIMPERING SOUNDS FROM BEHIND IT
HERE IS YOUR ROOM, MR. RYAN!


JIM FELL ASLEEP QUICKLY! BUT SOME HOURS LATER...
BLAZES!
THOSE HORRIBLE SHRIEKS! COMING FROM ACROSS THE HALL! WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

SOUNDS LIKE AN ANIMAL GROWLING AND SNARLING! AND YET... IT SOUNDS ALMOST HUMAN! WHATEVER'S IN THERE IS MAKING A TERRIFIC RACKET!


...SEEMS TO BE SCRATCHING DIGGING FOR SOMETHING! AND IT'S POUNDING ON THE WALL... ON THE WALL BETWEEN THIS ROOM AND MR. CLYMORE'S!

...STRANGE ...I THINK I MEAN MOANS FROM INSIDE MR. CLYMORE'S ROOM! BUT I... I CAN'T BE SURE! CONFOUND IT! I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!
UNNERVED, JIM RYAN RETURNED TO BED! HE SLEPT LITTLE, AND WAS FULLY DRESSED WHEN THERE WAS A FURIOUS POUNDING ON HIS DOOR THE NEXT MORNING. THE NOISE FROM ACROSS THE HALL HAD CEASED...
EVERS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
MR. RYAN! HE'S DEAD! MR. CLYMORE IS DEAD! A HEART ATTACK DURING THE NIGHT! PLEASE COME!
HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!
LOOKS LIKE HE WAS FRIGHTENED TO DEATH!
A LONG TIME AGO HE MADE ME PROMISE TO CREMATE HIS BODY WHEN HE DIED, MR. RYAN. I HATE TO ASK YOU THIS ...BUT I AM OLD! I... I CAN'T DO IT ALONE...
I... I UNDERSTAND, EVERS! YOU WANT ME TO BUILD THE FUNERAL PYRE! OKAY, I'LL DO IT... AS SOON AS IT STOPS RAINING!
RAINING? OH... I.. I HADN'T NOTICED! YES.. I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT!
YOU LOOK FRIGHTENED, EVERS! ANYTHING WRONG?
WRONG? NO... I ONLY PRAY THE RAIN STOPS SOON! IT MUST STOP SOON! IT MUST!
THE DAY PASSED SLOWLY. THE HOURS DRIFTED BY AND THE TORRENTS OF RAIN CONTINUED!
IT'S GETTING DARK, EVERS! MAYBE WE CAN CREMATE HIS CORPSE TOMORROW! WHY NOT GO TAKE A NAP?
NO! NO, I CAN'T LEAVE HIM NOW! IT'S GETTING DARK!
4

SUDDENLY, FROM THE MYSTERIOUS ROOM NEXT DOOR, CAME THE SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT. FIRST, LOW GROWLS AND SNARLS... AND THEN THE SCRATCHING, CLAWING SOUNDS OF CONCENTRATED DIGGING.

SNARL-L-L

CRUN-NCH!

SCRAT-CH!

NOTHING WAS SAID! THE BUTLER STIFFERED.. HIS FACE A GHOSTLY PALLOR, .. AND BEADS OF SWEAT STOOD OUT ON HIS BROW. HE WAS IN DEATHLY FEAR, BUT HE REMAINED AT THE BED, STARING FIXEDLY AT THE WALL FROM WHICH THE SOUNDS CAME! WITH EACH MOUN, THE TENSION MOUNTED...

GROW-WLL-L

SCRATCH!

SCRATCH!

THE RAIN'S STOPPED. EVERS. IT'S LATE... BUT MAYNE I CAN BUILD THE FUNERAL PYRE NOW... IF YOU WART ME TO!

NO! NO, DON'T GO!

SCRUN-NCH!

THIS PLACE IS DRIVING ME NUTS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, ANYWAY?!

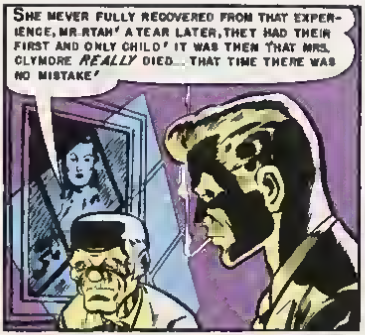
ALL NIGHT, MR. RYAN! IT'S . IT'S NOT FAIR TO KEEP IT FROM YOU ANY LONGER! I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY...

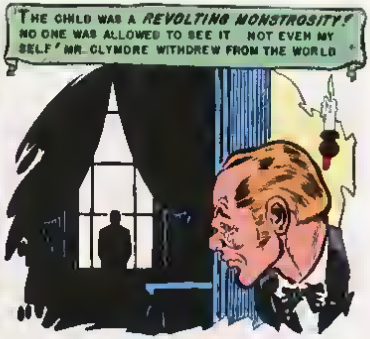
SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH

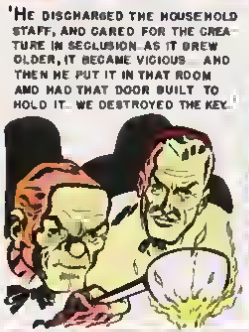
'IT BENAN A LONG TIME AGO! MR. OLTMORE'S WIFE WAS A VICTIM OF *CATALEPSY!* WHENEVER SHE TOOK A FIT, SHE'D GE AS IF DEAD FOR HOURS. YOU'VE HEARD OF SUCH CASES?'

'FIRALLY A FIT SEIZED HER FROM WHICH SHE DID NOT AWAKE! BATS PASSED! SHE WAS PRONOURCED DEAD... AND WAS BURIED IN THE FAMILY CRYPT BEHIND THIS HOUSE . .'

'THE FOLLOWIRD RIGHT, MR. OLTMORE HEARD MOANS COMING FROM THE MAUSOLEUM. HE RUSHED IR AND RIPPED OPEN HIS WIFE'S COFFIN! *SHE WAS ALIVE!* BUT SHE WAS IR A STATE OF VERY SEVERE SHOCK!'

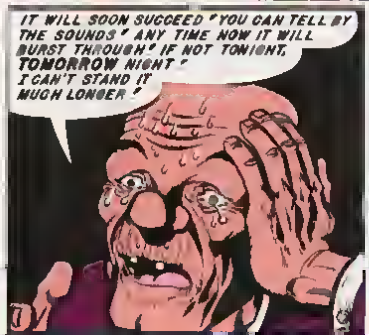

SHE NEVER FULLY RECOVERED FROM THAT EXPERIENCE, MR. RTAH' A YEAR LATER, THEY HAD THEIR FIRST AND ONLY CHILD' IT WAS THEN THAT MRS. CLYMORE *REALLY* DIED.... THAT TIME THERE WAS NO MISTAKE'


THE CHILD WAS A *REVOLTING MONSTROSITY!* NO ONE WAS ALLOWED TO SEE IT NOT EVEN MY SELF' MR. CLYMORE WITHDREW FROM THE WORLD


'HE DISCHARGED THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF, AND CARED FOR THE CREATURE IN SECLUSION. AS IT GREW OLDER, IT BECAME VICIOUS... AND THEN HE PUT IT IN THAT ROOM AND HAD THAT DOOR BUILT TO HOLD IT... WE DESTROYED THE KEY...

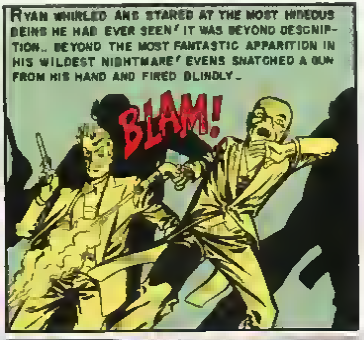
SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, THE MONSTER UNDERWENT A HORRIBLE MENTAL CHANGE! *IT WOULD EAT ONLY DEAD FLESH' IT HAD BECOME A GHOUL'*

TOGETHER WE HAVE KEPT IT ALIVE BY FEEDING IT DECAYED CORPSES FROM THE MAUSOLEUM. BUT NOW NOW THE BEAST IS DIGGING THROUGH THE WALL!' *HE'S TRYING TO GET OUT'* *GOOD LORD'*

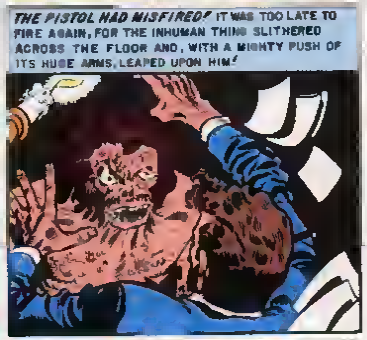

IT WILL SOON SUCCEED' YOU CAN TELL BY THE SOUNDS' ANY TIME NOW IT WILL BURST THROUGH' IF NOT TONIGHT, TOMORROW NIGHT' I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER'

EVERS' GET HOLD OF YOURSELF! LISTEN TO ME' ARE THERE ANY WEAPONS WE CAN USE? YES... (SOB)... IN THE BUREAU' TWO... TWO PISTOLS... *LOOK! THE WALL! IT'S BREAKING OPEN!* *CRUNCH!*

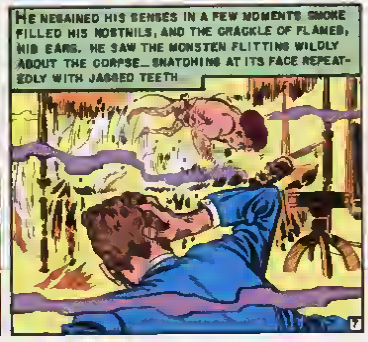
JIM RYAN RACED TO THE BUREAU AND SEARCHED FRANTICALLY UNTIL HE FOUND THE PISTOLS...
OH!!!NO!! FLINTLOCKS!
HURRY! A GUN! GIVE ME A GUN! IT'S OUT! LOOK AT IT! LOOK AT IT!


RYAN WHIRLED AND STARED AT THE MOST HIDEOUS BEING HE HAD EVER SEEN! IT WAS BEYOND DESCRIPTION.. BEYOND THE MOST FANTASTIC APPARITION IN HIS WILDEST NIGHTMARE! EVENS SNATCHED A GUN FROM HIS HAND AND FIRED BLINDLY..
BLAM!

THE MONSTEN WAS UPON THE LITTLE BUTLEN IM AN INSTANT THEY WENT DOWN IN A TUMBLED MASS OF THNASHING LEGS AND FRENZIED, TERNIFIED SCREAMS. JIM RAISED HIS GUN, TOOK COOL DELIBENATE AIM, AND SQUEEZED THE TNIGGEN!
CLICK!


THE PISTOL HAD MISFIRED! IT WAS TOO LATE TO FIRE AGAIN, FOR THE INHUMAN THING SLITHERED ACROSS THE FLOOR AND, WITH A MIGHTY PUSH OF ITS HUGE ARMS, LEAPED UPON HIM!

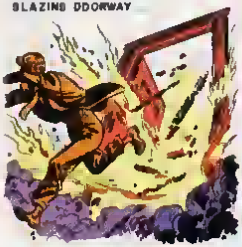
JIM FELL BACKWARDS TRYING TO DODGE THE HURTLING FORM, AND HIS HEAD STRUCK THE WALL SHARPLY. THE ROOM REELED! VAGUE VISIONS SWAM BEFORE HIM. THE BEAST, CROUCHED OVER THE BODY ON THE BE... CANDLES SETTING FIRE TO THE RUG.. THEN BLACKNESS...


HE REGAINED HIS SENSES IN A FEW MOMENTS SMOKE FILLED HIS NOSTRILS, AND THE CRACKLE OF FLAMES, HIS EARS. HE SAW THE MONSTEN FLITTING WILDLY ABOUT THE CORPSE... SNATCHING AT ITS FACE REPEATEDLY WITH JAGGED TEETH

THE FLAMES RAGED MADLY ABOUT THE ROOM, SMOKE FROM THE ACRID FUMES, JIM CRAWLED TO THE SIDE OF THE BUTLER!

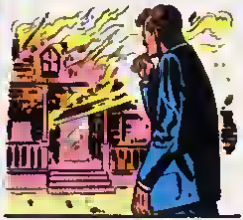
HE TURNED JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE HORRID CREATURE, AFIRE, LEAP FROM THE BED AND, SCREAMING FRANTICALLY, SCURRY BACK INTO THE HOLE IN THE WALL. THROUGH THE FLAMES LICKING THE BEDCLOTHES JIM STARED IN HORROR AT THE MUTILATED REMAINS OF MR. GLYMORE...

SUDDENLY RYAN NOTICED BURNING EMBERS FALLING FROM THE CEILING, WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THE ROOF COLLAPSED, JUST AS HE DARTED THROUGH THE BLAZING DOORWAY

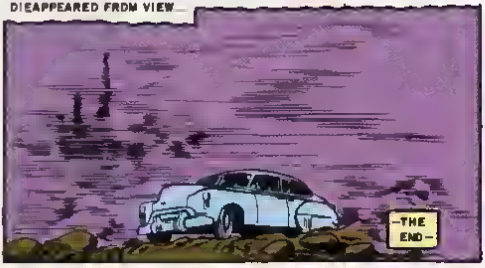


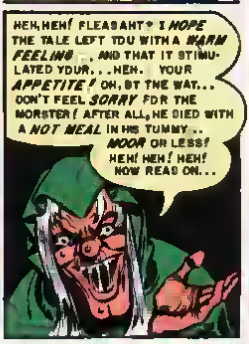
LUNGS ACHING AND EYES SMARTING FROM THE PUNGENT SMOKE, HE STUMBLED DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT OF THE HOUSE... THE MONSTER'S FRIGHTFUL, SOUL-SEARING SCREECHES OF AGONY RINGING IN HIS EARS...

AS JIM WATCHED DAZEDLY, THE ROARING FLAMES ENVELOPED THE HOUSE AND RAZED IT TO THE GROUND... A MASS OF SMOKING RUBBLE! THE FITFUL SHRIEKS GREW WEAKER AND WEAKER... UNTIL HE HEARD THEM NO MORE!



FOR A LONG WHILE AFTER THE LAST EMBER HAD DIED, HE DID NOT MOVE... BUT FINALLY HE STUMBLED TO HIS CAR, SLID BEHIND THE WHEEL AND SLOWLY DROVE AWAY. HE LOOKED BACK SEVERAL TIMES... UNTIL THE SMOKING REMAINS OF THE HOUSE WERE SWALLOWED BY THE FOG AND DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW...





THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

GONDON ENTERED THE RAMSHACKLE BUILDING AND BEGAR TO CLIMB THE DANK, RICKETY STAINS
LOOKS LIKE I'M LETTING MYSELF IR FOR A PILE OF WONK! THIS PLACE IS PRETTY BEAT UP . .
SUDDENLY AS HE PASSED A DOON ON THE SECORD FLOOR, IT CREAKED OPENS
ARE YOU THE NEW 'SUPEN'?
I . . I'M APPLYING FOR THE JOB!
HE'S MAD! A MANIAC! HE HASN'T GIVEN ANY HEAT SINCE HE BOUGHT THE PLACE A WEEK AGO. . .
WHO? THE LANDLORD?
YES! KEEPS HIS WINDOWS WIDE OPEN! HIS APARTMENT IS FREEZING! HE SAYS HE LIKES IT LIKE THAT! BUT WE . . WE HAVE TO SUFFER!
IF I GET THE JOB, YOU'LL HAVE HEAT! I'LL SEE TO IT!
GONDON MADE HIS WAY TO THE TOP FLOOR AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR! A STRANGE VOICE BID HIM ENTER. . .
B-R-R-R! THE OLD GUY WAS RIGHT! IT IS FREEZING IN HERE! CAN'T BE MORE THAN TWENTY DEGREES!
COME IN! COME IN! HURRY UP! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! CLOSE THE DOOR!
DAILY
Death Notices
GONDON ENTENED THE FRIND APARTMENT! BEFONE HIM STOOD THE LANDLOND. . GAUNT, HOLLOW-CHEEKED! AND THE STRANGEST PART WAS HIS SKIN : SALLOW, ONLY A PALE YELLOW. . .
YOU ARE APPLYING FON THE JOB OF SUPERINTENDANT OF MY BUILDING, I PRESUME?
YES! BUT. . THE OTHEN TENANTS ARE COMPLAINING. . YOU DO NOT GIVE THEM ANY HEAT!
I DON'T LIKE FUNNAGES! THEY. . THEY FRIGHTEN ME! THAT WILL BE YOUR JOB! THE PAY IS GOOD! YOU WILL HAVE A PLACE TO LIVE IN THE BASEMENT! THENE'S ONLY ONE OTHEN THING! I CANNOT LEAVE MY APARTMENT! YOU WILL GO MY BROCERY SHOPPING FON ME!
I WOULDN'T TAKE THE JOB, IF I DIDN'T NEED ONE SO BADLY! I. . I DON'T LIKE THE SET UP! HOW-EVER. . .

HOWEVER, BARTON BORDOM DID TAKE THE JOB! HE ORDERED THE NECESSARY FUEL ..AND SOON ALL THE RADIATORS IN THE HOUSE WERE SIZZLING. THAT IS. ALL EXCEPT THOSE OF MARCUS KINGSLEY.. THE ECCENTRIC LANDLORD! HIS APARTMENT RENAMED ICE-COLD! HIS RADIATORS SHUT OFF.. HIS WINDOWS WIDE-OPEN!
YOUR GROCERIES, MR KINGSLEY!
THANK YOU, BARTON! SIT DOWN FOR A WHILE!
NO THANK YOU, SIR! I'M NOT A FREAK-AID FIEND LIKE YOU ARE! I PREFER MY OWN APARTMENT IN THE BASEMENT, WHERE IT'S NICE AND WARM!
BAH! WHAT IS A LITTLE COLD? IT WILL INVIGORATE YOU! WE CAN TALK!
BARTON GORDON HATED THE STRANGE MAN WHO WAS HIS EMPLOYER! THERE WAS SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT HIM! SOMETHING... EVIL.. FRIGHTENING! BUT A MORBID CURIOSITY MADE HIM ACCEPT KINGSLEY'S INVITATION...
DO YOU PLAY CHESS, MR. GORDON?
YES, BUT... HERE... IN THIS COLD, I COULDN'T! THE PIECES WOULD STICK TO MY FINGERS!
AS THEY TALKED, BARTON NOTICED A RING THAT KINGSLEY WORE! IT WAS ARTISTICALLY MADE... A WORK OF ART...
SAY! WHAT AN INTERESTING RING! MAY I...
DON'T TOUCH ME!
GORDON, STARTLED BY MARCUS KINGSLEY'S OUTBURST, DREW BACK! THEN HE TURNED TO GO...
GO! DON'T LEAVE! I'M SORRY I SHOUTED, BARTON! BUT IT IS SO RARE THAT I TALK TO ANYONE!
I... I MUST GO! I'VE GOT SOME WORK TO DO!
BARTON CLOSED THE DOOR OF THE COLD APARTMENT AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE BASEMENT..
CRAZY FOOL! LIVING IN FREEZING TEMPERATURES! NOT LETTING ANYONE TOUCH HIM! HE IS MAD!
3

ARD SD THE WINTER DAYS WENT BY' BARTON GORDON STEERED CLEAR OF THE STNANGE MARGUS KINGSLEY WHO LIVED IN THE OOLD DN THE TOF FLOOR! HE DID HIS WORK DID IT WELL' THE DTHER TENANTS WERE KEPT WARM AND COZY' THEN, ONE BLEAK DAY LATE IN FEBRUARY...

WHAT IN THE WORLD...? A TRUCK PANKED OUTSIDE! AIR-CONDITIONING AND NEFRIGERATION'' WHAT A TIME OF THE YEAR TO HAVE AIR-CONDITIONERS INSTALLED!

AS GANTON WATCHED, THE WORKMEN CARTED CRATE AFTER CRATE UP THE STAIRS TO THE TOP FLOOR! THEY WORKED FOR SEVERAL DAYS UP THERE! HE COULD HEAR THE HAMMERING... THE DRILLING...

ALL THIS TIME? THREE DAYS TO INSTALL AIR-CONDITIONERS, MR GORDON?

IT *IS* STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

HIS CURIOSITY AROUSED, GORDON STOPPED ONE OF THE WORKMEN AS HE CAME DOWN THE STAIRS...

ARE YOU FINISHED INSTALLING MR. KINGSLEY'S AIR CONDITIONERS YET?

AIR-CONDITIONING, NOTHIN' THE GUY'S *CRAZY* AS A *LOON!* WE'VE JUST INSTALLED *FROZEN-FOOD LOCKER-COMPRESSORS!* THE GUY'S MADE HIS APARTMENT INTO A *HUGE FROZEN-FOOD-LOCKER!*

THE WINTER PASSED, AND SPRING CAME TO THE STRANGE HOUSE OF MARCUS KINGSLEY! AND WITH THE WARM WEATHER CAME THE STEADY THROBBING OF MACHINERY...

MR. GORDON! I CAN'T SLEEP! THAT INCESSANT THROBBING... IT'S DRIVING ME *MAD!*

I'LL SPEAK TO HIM, MR. FONT! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

BARTON GORDON MADE HIS WAY UP TO THE TOP FLOOR TO MARCUS KINGSLEY'S APARTMENT! THE COLD DRAFT OF AIR THAT SEEPED OUT FNOM UNDER THE DOOR SENT A SHIVER UP HIS SPIME! HE KNOCKED...

AH! MR. GORDON! I HAVE NOT SEEN YDU IN SUCH A LONG TIME! YOU LEAVE MY FOOD AT THE DOOR, BUT NEVER COME IN!

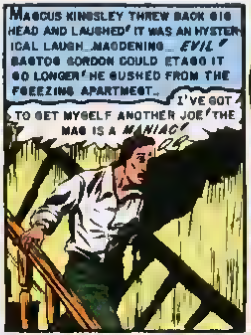
I... I AM SUSCEPTIBLE TO COLDS! I... CANNOT STAND THE CHANGES IN TEMPERATUNE!

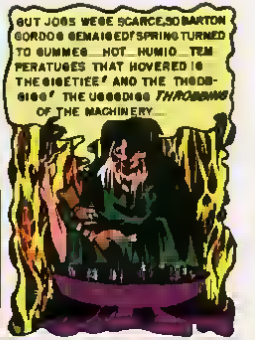
THE COLD OF THE INSULATED APARTMENT CREPT INTO BARTON'S BONES! IT MADE HIS EYES TEAR! OUTSIDE, IT WAS WARM AND SUNNY... BUT IN THESE...

IT'S THE *MACHINERY*, MR KINGSLEY! THE TENANTS ARE *COMPLAINING!* IT *THROBS* AND *THROBS* CONTINOUSLY!

LET THEM MOVE OUT! I'LL DO WHAT I LIKE IN MY OWN HOUSE!

HAVE YOU NO HEART, MR. KINGSLEY?
A-HA! A-HA HA HA HA HA!


MARCUS KINGSLEY THREW BACK HIS HEAD AND LAUGHED! IT WAS AN HYSTERICAL LAUGH...MADDENING... EVIL! BARTOS GORDON COULD ETAGG IT SO LONGEN! HE GUSHED FROM THE FREEZING APARTMENT...
I'VE GOT TO GET MYSELF ANOTHER JOE! THE MAG IS A MANIAC!


BUT JOBS WERE SCARCE, SO BARTON GORDON REMAINED! SPRING TURNED TO SUMMER...NOT...HUMID...TEMPERATURES THAT HOVERED IN THE EIGHTIES! AND THE THROBBING OF THE MACHINERY...

THEN, ONE SWELTERING DAY...
NUH?
THE MACHINERY! IT'S STOPPED!

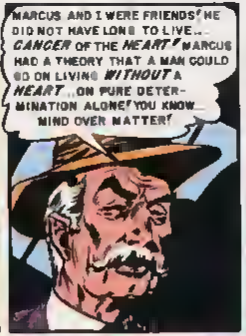
MARCUS KINGSLEY WAS HEARD MOVING ABOUT HIS APARTMENT...HAMMERING...POUNDING...CURSING! THEN...HE OPENED HIS DOOR.
BARTON! BARTON! COME UP HERE!
YES, MR. KINGSLEY! AT ONCE!

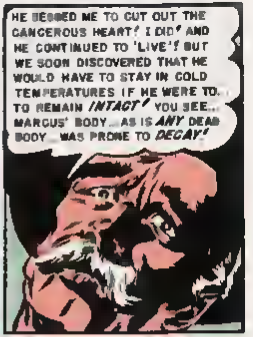
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE ELECTRICITY? MY COMPREGGOS THEY'VE STOPPED!
I'LL SEE! I'LL LOOK AT THE FUSES!

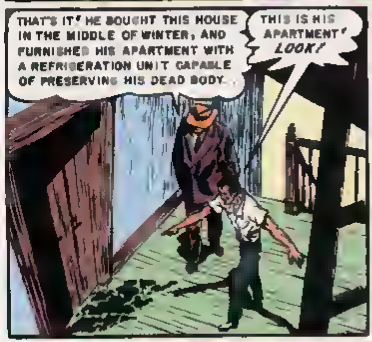
BARTOS GUSHED TO THE CELLAR! THE FUSES WERE ALL BLOWN! AND THE WIRES SCORCHED! HE WENT BACK UPSTAIRS! KINGSLEY WAS WIDE-EYED WITH TERROR.
THE WHOLE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM'S BUGGED OUT! COULDN'T TAKE THE LOAD!
FIX IT! FIX IT, QUICKLY!

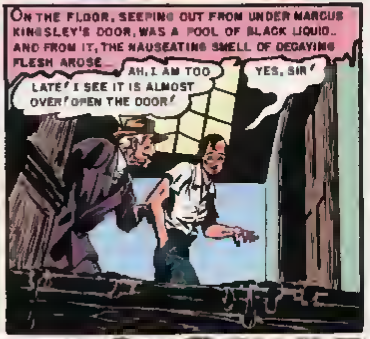
IT WILL TAKE DAYS TO REPLACE, MR. KINESLEY!
WO... NO! DO SOME-THING QUICKLY!
BARTON RETURNED TO THE CEL-LAR! HE TRIED OTHER LINES! THEY WERE ALL BURNED OUT! IT WAS HOPELESS! HE WENT BACK UPSTAIRS...
HIS APARTMENT'S WARMING UP? THERE'S NO MORE COLD BLAST SEEPING UNDER THE DOOR! IT'S LOCKED! THE DOOR'S LOCKED!
BUT THEN HE SMELLED IT! AN ODOR LIKE WET PAPER... OLD MUSTY! THE SMELL OF DECAY...
MR. KINGSLEY! OPEN THE DOOR! I CAN'T FIX THE ELECTRICITY! IT IT'S GOING TO TAKE SEVERAL DAYS!
THEN GO AWAY... AND LEAVE ME ALONE!
SUDDENLY THERE WAS A BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK! THEN BARTON GORDON HEARD A THUD... AS IF A BODY HAD FALLEN! THEN SOBBING! HE LISTENED! IT WAS MARCUS KINGSLEY! HE WAS WHIMPERING! BARTON WENT DOWNSTAIRS...
IS THIS THE HOME OF MARCUS KINGSLEY?
YES! BUT HE WILL SEE NO ONE! HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN!
WHAT IS WRONG?
I DON'T KNOW! HE IS SOBBING LIKE A BABY! SINCE HIS REFRIGERATOR-COMPRESSOR STOPPED...
WHAT? THE REFRIGERATION HAS FAILED? GOOD LORD! THAT IS HORRIBLE! CAN'T YOU FIX IT? IT IS OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE!
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! PERHAPS IN TWO DAYS...
IT WILL BE TOO LATE! HE WILL BE DEAD! DEAD! THAT IS THE WRONG WORD TO USE! MARCUS KINGSLEY IS DEAD! HAS BEEN FOR SOME TIME! HE EXISTS BY SHEER WILL-POWER!
DEAD? BUT HOW? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

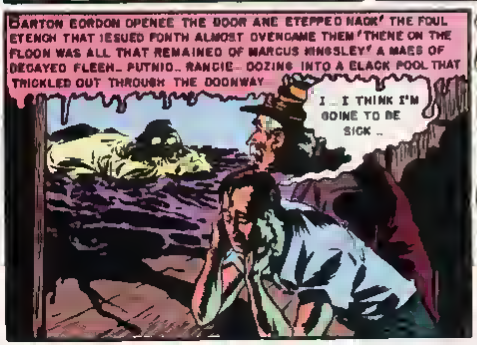
TAKE ME TO HIS APARTMENT! I WILL TELL YOU ON THE WAY!
UP THESE STAIRS!

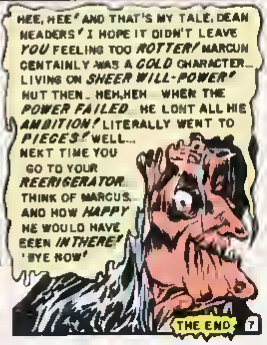

MARCUS AND I WERE FRIENDS! HE DID NOT HAVE LONG TO LIVE... CANCER OF THE HEART! MARCUS HAD A THEORY THAT A MAN COULD GO ON LIVING WITHOUT A HEART ..ON PURE DETERMINATION ALONE! YOU KNOW... MIND OVER MATTER!


HE BEGGED ME TO CUT OUT THE CANCEROUS HEART! I DID! AND HE CONTINUED TO 'LIVE'! BUT WE SOON DISCOVERED THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO STAY IN COLD TEMPERATURES IF HE WERE TO... TO REMAIN INTACT! YOU SEE.. MARCUS' BODY ...AS IS ANY DEAD BODY ..WAS PRONE TO DECAY!


THAT'S IT! HE BOUGHT THIS HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER, AND FURNISHED HIS APARTMENT WITH A REFRIGERATION UNIT CAPABLE OF PRESERVING HIS DEAD BODY..
THIS IS HIS APARTMENT! LOOK!

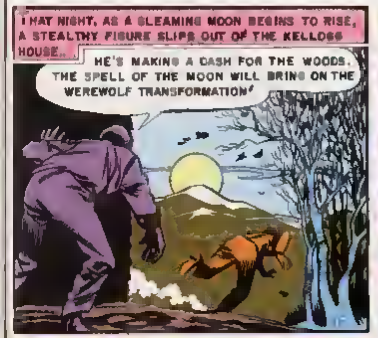

ON THE FLOOR, SEEPING OUT FROM UNDER MARCUS KINGSLEY'S DOOR, WAS A POOL OF BLACK LIQUID.. AND FROM IT, THE NAUSEATING SMELL OF DECAYING FLESH AROSE...
AH, I AM TOO LATE! I SEE IT IS ALMOST OVER! OPEN THE DOOR!
YES, SIR!

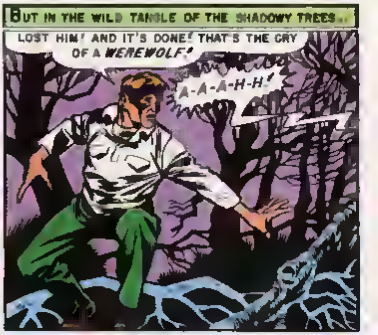

BARTON GORDON OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED BACK! THE FOUL STENCH THAT ISSUED FORTH ALMOST OVERCAME THEM! THERE ON THE FLOOR WAS ALL THAT REMAINED OF MARCUS KINGSLEY! A MASS OF DECAYED FLESH.. PUTRID.. RANCID.. OOZING INTO A BLACK POOL THAT TRICKLED OUT THROUGH THE DOORWAY...
I ..I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK ..


HEE, HEE! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR READERS! I HOPE IT DIDN'T LEAVE YOU FEELING TOO ROTTER! MARCUS CERTAINLY WAS A GOLD CHARACTER... LIVING ON SHEER WILL-POWER! BUT THEN.. HEH, HEH.. WHEN THE POWER FAILED.. HE LOST ALL HIS AMBITION! LITERALLY WENT TO PIECES! WELL... NEXT TIME YOU GO TO YOUR REFRIGERATOR THINK OF MARCUS.. AND HOW HAPPY HE WOULD HAVE BEEN IN THERE! 'BYE NOW!
THE END

COME WITH ME TO A PEACEFUL VILLAGE DISTURBED ONLY AT NIGHT BY THE PIERCING HOWLS AND MADDENED SCREAMS OF...
THE BEAST OF THE FULL MOON!
THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH STRANGENESS AS A FULL MOON CASTS SHIMMERING RAYS ON A BEAST OF TERROR...
THE WEREWOLF! THE--AAAGH
NEXT MORNING, A FRIGHTENED FIGURE SEEKS HER FIANCE...
TOM! TOM! ANOTHER WEREWOLF MURDER LAST NIGHT! NO ONE IS SAFE ANY MORE.. TOM, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
GOOD LORD! LOOK!

CLAW PRINTS, LEADING TO YOUR DOOR! WHAT DO THEY MEAN?
THEY COULD HAVE BEEN MADE BY MY BROTHER ANDREW; ON HIS HUNTING TRIP IN COROCOA HE WAS WOUNDED BY A WEREWOLF. THE WOLF'S BLOOD MAY HAVE INFECTED HIM!
EACH TIME THE FULL MOON COMES UP, HE DISAPPEARS FROM THE HOUSE! HE'D BEEN ACTING MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS! IF I COULD ONLY BE SURE...
TOM, THERE HE IS!
TERSELY, ANDREW KELLOGG TRIES TO AVOID HIS BROTHER.
ANDREW! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
LET ME ALONE! LET ME BE!
YOU'VE GOT TO HEAR ME OUT! WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
IF YOU KEEP PESTERING ME... IF YOU KEEP INTERFERING, YOU'LL REGRET IT ALL YOUR LIVING DAYS!
TOM, BE CAREFUL! ANDREW... PLEASE!
IN A FLASH ANDREW TURNS AWAY! THE QUICK SLAM OF A DOOR IS HEARD, FOLLOWED BY THE TURNING OF A KEY.
HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM! I LOVE YOU, JUNE. I WANT TO MARRY YOU! BUT NOT WHILE THIS IS HANGING OVER OUR HEADS...
POOR TOM! YOUR OWN BROTHER! BUT ARE YOU CERTAIN?
I'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF, TONIGHT THERE'LL BE A FULL MOON AGAIN. WHEN ANDREW LEAVES THE HOUSE, I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM. I'M GOING TO WATCH HIS EVERY MOVE!


THAT NIGHT, AS A GLEAMING MOON BEGINS TO RISE, A STEALTHY FIGURE SLIPS OUT OF THE KELLOGG HOUSE...
HE'S MAKING A DASH FOR THE WOODS. THE SPELL OF THE MOON WILL BRING ON THE WEREWOLF TRANSFORMATION!


BUT IN THE WILD TANGLE OF THE SHADOWY TREES...
LOST HIM! AND IT'S DONE! THAT'S THE CRY OF A WEREWOLF!
A-A-A-H-H!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE THICKET, THE WEREWOLF WILDLY LEAPS!
NO! NO! STAY BACK!

IN DEADLY STRUGGLE, MAN GRAPPLES WITH THE NOW INHUMAN!
HE'LL KILL ME! THERE'S JUST ONE HOPE IF I CAN

IN A SECOND BY SECOND RAGE WITH DEATH, TOM WRESTS OUT A WEAPON!
YAAAGH!

THE FIENDISH BEAST BOUNDS AWAY... BUT TOM, ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE, STUMBLES IN PURSUIT...
A CLOUD'S COVERING THE MOON HE'LL CHARGE BACK... BEFORE I... I

TOM, WHAT HAPPENED? TOM--DARLING! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE!
I MISSED FIRDING OUT FOR SURE! WEREWOLF GOT AWAY!

BUT I WOUNDED HIM IN THE RIGHT CLAW! IF ANDREW SHOWS SUCH AN INJURY, THAT WILL BE PROOF!
HE'S WATCHING US! TOM, HE LOOKS SO FRIGHTENING!
THE ANGUISHED TOM DASHES INTO THE HOUSE TO SPEAK TO HIS BROTHER
ANDREW! LET ME IN!
I'M GOING TO BED! I'M VERY TIRED!
AT BREAKFAST...
ANDREW, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HAND?
I CUT IT... TRYING TO OPEN MY POCKET KNIFE!
CUT IT... WITH YOUR KNIFE? YOU LOST YOUR KNIFE SEVERAL DAYS AGO!
I... I BOUGHT A NEW ONE! AND DON'T ASK TO SEE IT! JUST LET ME ALONE!
LATE THAT AFTERNOON
TONIGHT I'M GOING TO TRAP ANDREW! THE WEREWOLF ALWAYS USES THIS PATH! CLAW MARKS SHOW IT! TONIGHT HE'LL FALL INTO THIS PIT...
TOWARD SUNDOWN, THE TRAP IS READIED...
PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE! WHEN HE FALLS IN, I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM WITH A GUN---LOADED WITH SILVER BULLETS! MY OWN BROTHER...BUT I'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!
LATER, AT JUNE'S HOUSE...
PLEASE BE CAREFUL, TOM! HOW... HOW ARE YOU PLANNING TO TRAP HIM?
LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT, HONEY! EVERYTHING'S ARRANGED! JUST STAY HOME AND KEEP YOUR DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO YOU!

TIME TICKS BY... AND TOM BEGINS HIS DEATH WATCH...
HE'S MOVING AROUND IN HIS ROOM...CLUMPING, STAMPING! HE SHOULD BE COMING OUT ANY MOMENT! I'LL LET HIM GET AS FAR AS THE PIT...AND THEN...
WHILE IN ANDREW'S ROOM...
THE MOON...MAD MAGIC OF THE MOON! IT WILL BE VERY BRIGHT... AND IRRESISTIBLE!
A MOMENT LATER, ANDREW MAKES A SUDDEN PLUNGE...
...AND A HUMAN FORM UNDERGOES A FIENDISH TRANSITION...THE WILD CRY OF A WEREWOLF PIERCING THE NIGHT!
HE'S OUT ALREADY! HE TRICKED ME! BUT THE TRAP WILL GET HIM!
A-A-A-A!
HE CAN'T ESCAPE NOW. I'LL SHOOT HIM AS SOON AS I GET TO THE EDGE OF THE PIT.
BUT THE ENRAGED BEAST IS STRUGGLING FOR FREEDOM...AND BEFORE TOM CAN FIRE...
LET GO! LET—!
THE GUN! CAN'T REACH IT!
6

STILL FRANTICALLY TRYING TO REACH THE GUN, TOM STRUGGLES FURIOUSLY TO WARD OFF THE BESTIAL VIOLENCE!
I CAN'T ..CAN'T FIGHT HIM OFF!
GASP GASP
BANG BANG
THE HIDEOUS CREATURE TUMBLES, WRITHING IN AGONY FROM THE BLASTING BULLETS...
SAVED! THANK HEAVENS! BUT WHO FIRED THOSE SHOTS?
ANDREW!
YES, TOM! I TOLD YOU NOT TO INTERFERE! I'VE BEEN ON THE TRAIL OF THE WEREWOLF, TOO! SHE'S DEAD, ISN'T SHE?
SHE?
IN DEATH, THE HIDEOUS BEAST SLOWLY REGAINS ITS HUMAN FORM.. SLOWLY CHANGES FROM THE HOARY CREATURE OF MURDER-MADNESS TO A MARBLE-LIKE BEAUTY.. ASLEEP FOREVER!
IT--IT'S JUNE!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

GEORGE ENTERS THE DISMAL SHOP! THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH QUEER RELICS OF NATIVE CULTURE! THERE IS AN AIR OF MYSTERY ABOUT THE PLACE—A FEELING OF EVIL! AN OLD NATIVE, HIS FACE WRINKLED, HIS AGED BODY BENT, STEPS FORWARD...
MAY I HELP YOU?
I'VE HEARD THAT YOU SELL STATUES... BUSTS... MADE TO ORDER!
YOU WANT ME TO MAKE A BUST OF YOU.. A VOODOO BUST?
YES! I AM WILLING TO PAY A HIGH PRICE!
THE OLD NATIVE BECKONS GEORGE BARKER TO FOLLOW! THEY PROCEED TO THE REAR OF THE SHOP, AND DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS...
YOU KNOW OF COURSE, WHAT POWERS THE VOODOO BUST WILL HAVE?
YES! I AM AWARE OF ITS STRANGE CHARACTERISTICS!
THE ENTER A WEIRDLY DECORATED ROOM! THERE IS A DANK, DAMP, MUSTY SMELL... THE ODOR OF A TOMB! THE OLD NATIVE LIGHTS A FIRE BENEATH A BLACKENED CAULDRON...
I WILL NEED SOME OF YOUR NAIL CLIPPINGS... A LOCK OF HAIR... A FEW PLUCKED EYEBROWS... SWEAT FROM YOUR BROW... A BIT OF EAR-WAX...
I UNDERSTAND!
THE OLD MAN TOSSES THE STRANGE INGREDIENTS INTO THE BUBBLING CONTENTS OF THE POT AND BEGINS TO CHANT... MEANWHILE PERFORMING A GROTESQUE DANCE ABOUT IT...
MA-HAH- MA- HAH-B'WANAH TOOMBAH! TOOMBAH!
SOON IT IS OVER! THE NATIVE BLEANS IN THE FIRE-LIGHT . HIS DARK BODY COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION! HE BREATHES HEAVILY...
THE LIQUID MUST COOL! THEN I WILL BE ABLE TO MOLD YOUR LIKENESS! COME BACK IN TWO DAYS! IT WILL BE FINISHED!

GEORGE BARKER STUMBLES FROM THE SHOP ..HORRIFIED AT HIS EXPERIENCE! THAT NIGHT, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, HE TOSSES AND TURNS! HE CANNOT SLEEP! THE GLEAMING FIGURE OF THE DANCING NATIVE GAVORTS BEFORE HIM! THE NEXT MORNING HE RUSHES FROM HIS HOTEL WITH HEAVY SLEEPLESS EYES

I. .I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! IT...IT'S UNNATURAL .. DIABOLICAL! I... I'M *AFRAID!* I'LL FIND THE SHOP AND CANCEL MY ORDER!

BUT SEARCH AS HE MAY, GEORGE BARKER CANNOT FIND THE STRANGE NATIVE AND HIS WEIRD SHOP! THROUGH DARK ALLEYS AND TWISTING STREETS HE SEARCHES...

AM I GOING MAD? IT WAS *HERE!* I *KNOW* IT! BUT NOW.. *IT'S GONE!*

THE NEXT DAY GEORGE RETURNS AT THE APPOINTED HOUR TO THE SPOT WHERE THE SHOP HAD BEEN! STRANGELY, IT IS THERE, IN THE SAME ALLEY WHERE HE HAD FIRST FOUND IT....

BUT, WHY WASN'T IT HERE WHEN I LOOKED YESTERDAY?

WARILY GEORGE BARKER ENTERS THE SHOP! THE OLD NATIVE COMES FORWARD, A DRAPED STATUE UNDER HIS ARM....

YOU ARE ON TIME! HERE IS YOUR BUST, MR. BARKER!

LORD! IT LOOKS *EXACTLY LIKE ME!* SO.. *SO LIFELIKE!*

THE NATIVE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND AND GEORGE PLACES THE AGREED SUM IN HIS UPTURNED PALM! THEN HE TAKES THE THE STATUE AND LEAVES! AS THE DOOR OF THE SHOP CLOSES BEHIND HIM, HE TURNS. . .

WHA ? A BRICK WALL! THE SHOP IS *GONE!*

GEORGE BARKER, WITH HIS AMAZING LIKENESS... THE VOODOO BUST.. RETURNS TO AMERICA! ONCE BACK HOME, HE PLACES THE BUST ON THE MANTELPIECE OF THE FIRE PLACE IN HIS LUXURIOUS APARTMENT...

PERHAPS, DEAR READER, YOU ARE WONDERING JUST *WHAT* THE *EVIL POWERS* ARE THAT THIS *STRANGE VOODOO STATUE POSSESSES!* LET ME TELL YOU! MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD, GEORGE BARKER VALUED HIS YOUNG, ALMOST ANGELICAL FACE! HE FEARED THE DAY THAT THE HARD LINES OF AGE AND WORRY WOULD MAR HIS HANDSOME COUNTENANCE! THAT'S WHY HE SOUGHT THE STATUE! THE BUST IS SUPPOSED TO ACCEPT THESE CHANGES WHILE GEORGE'S FACE REMAINS YOUNG UNMARKED!

THE YEARS PASS... AND WITH THEM, THE STRANGE STATUE BEGINS TO GROW OLDER LOOKING! LINES OF AGE APPEAR ON ITS FOREHEAD ..
...WHILE I... I REMAIN AS YOUTHFUL AS EVER!
BUT ANOTHER, A STILL STRANGER THING BEGINS TO HAPPEN TO THE STATUE! NOT ONLY DOES IT GROW OLDER, WHILE GEORGE REMAINS YOUNG... BUT ALSO IT BEGINS TO LOOK DISTORTED...UGLY...
...AS IF IT WERE SHOWING MY DECEITS, MY CRIMES AS WELL!
IT IS TRUE! EACH TIME THAT GEORGE BARKER, IN HIS DEALINGS WITH OTHERS, WRONGS, LIES, CHEATS... THE STATUE CHANGES...
I'M RUINED, BARKER! YOU'VE SOLD OUT FROM UNDER ME! MY MONEY ..I'M WIPED OUT!
HA-HA! TOO BAD, PHELPS! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL!
MY BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS, GEORGE BARKER! YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE PULLED THIS TRIGGER YOURSELF!
PHELPS.. YOU FOOL! PUT DOWN THAT GUN!
A SHOT ECHOED THROUGH GEORGE BARKER'S SUITE OF OFFICES...
WHAT'S HAPPENED, MR. BARKER!
IT'S... PHELPS! HE'S COMMITTED SUICIDE!
THAT NIGHT, WHEN GEORGE BARKER SEES THE STATUE ON HIS MANTELPIECE...
GOOD GOD! IT... IT'S HORRIBLE! IT.. MAKES ME SICK! AND IT... IT'S TURNED BLOOD RED..
AND SO THE YEARS CONTINUE TO GO BY! ONE DAY, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL ENTERS GEORGE BARKER'S OFFICE...
I.. I'M LOOKING FOR MY FATHER, MAURICE FRANK!
FRANK? FRANK?
WHERE'S A BOOKKEEPER! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND HIM?
OF COURSE! DOWN THE HALL... THE DOOR MARKED 'ACCOUNTING'!
4

GEORGE WATCHES AS THE GIRL MOVES GRACEFULLY DOWN THE HALL. SUDDENLY, TAKEN BY HER RAVISHING LOVELINESS, GEORGE WANTS HER...WANTS HER FOR HIS OWN...
...AND I'LL HAVE HER, TOO!
THE NEXT DAY, BARKER SENDS FOR MAURICE FRANK...
MR FRANK, YOU'VE BEEN WITH THE FIRM FOR...LET'S SEE...TEN YEARS! YOU ARE NOW SIXTY-ONE. THIS JOB MEANS A LOT TO YOU, EH?
WHY, YES SIR, VERY MUCH!
IF I'D LET YOU GO, YOU'D FIND IT DIFFICULT GETTING ANOTHER JOB, EH?
BUT, MY WORK. I'M CAREFUL I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND...
OH, YES, YOUR WORK IS SATISFACTORY. WELL, I'LL GET TO THE POINT. I WANT TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER.
WHAT?
THE OLD MAN'S HANDS BEGIN TO TREMBLE AS THE REALIZATION OF WHAT BARKER IS DRIVING AT HITS HOME...
I...I'LL SPEAK TO HER. I'LL SEE WHAT SHE SAYS.
DINNER AT MY PLACE. TOMORROW NIGHT AT EIGHT.
THE STATUE ON THE MANTELPIECE LOOKS JUST A LITTLE MORE HORRIBLE. A LITTLE MORE DISTORTED THE NEXT NIGHT...
WHAT AN UGLY PIECE, MR. BARKER! WHY DO YOU KEEP IT?
SENTIMENTAL REASONS, BUT...YOU CAN FORGET THE MR. BARKER! CALL ME GEORGE!
THE GIRL, JEAN FRANK, MAKES NO MOVE TO RESIST AS GEORGE BARKER TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS...

AND SO, FOR HER AGING FATHER'S SAKE, JEAN FRANK CONSENTS TO MARRY GEORGE BARKEN! IT IS A SIMPLE CEREMONY... WITNESSED BY A FEW PEOPLE AND AN UGLY, DISGUSTING-LOOKING BUST...
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE
AGAIN GEORGE BARKEN HAD TAKEN WHAT HE WANTED ..AND AGAIN HIS EVIL IS REFLECTED ON THE FACE OF THE NOW HIDEOUS STATUE..
I DON'T CARE, GEORGE! IT'S VILE! I DON'T WANT IT AROUND!
I'LL PUT IT IN MY DEN! ONLY LEAVE IT ALONE ..I WARN YOU!
THE YEARS DRIFT BY! JEAN GROWS MORE AND MORE TO HATE THE MAN SHE HAS MARRIED...
HE AND HIS VULGAR STATUE! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THEM.. SOMETHING EVIL!
WHILE I GROW OLDER, GEORGE REMAINS YOUNG LOOKING! AND THIS STATUE.. IT GROWS MORE HORRIBLE LOOKING EACH DAY! I.. I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'LL...
JEAN!
I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THIS BUST ALONE!
OW-W-W-W!
GEORGE PUSHES THE WHIMPERING JEAN FROM THE DEN AND LOCKS THE DOOR...
AND STAY OUT OF THERE! IF I CATCH YOU NEAR THAT STATUE AGAIN I'LL.. I'LL...
SOB, SOB!
I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK! WHY DON'T YOU GO TO BED YOU.. YOU UGLY OLD HAG!
GASP!

GEORGE PUTS ON HIS HAT AND COAT AND LEAVES! HE CROSSES THE STREET AND ENTERS THE DESERTED PARK...

I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HER! SHE'S NO LONGER ATTRACTIVE.. OF NO MORE USE TO ME! AND SHE'S BEGINNING TO SUSPECT ABOUT THE STATUE

MEANWHILE JEANIE WILDLY SEARCHING THROUGH DRAWERS.. LOOKING .. LOOKING. . .

THERE'S ANOTHER KEY AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! I'VE SEEN IT! AH, HERE IT IS!

JEAN GOES DOWNSTAIRS AND UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO THE DEN! AS IT SWINGS OPEN, THE LIGHT FALLS UPON THE HIDEOUS STATUE..

I'VE GOT TO DESTROY IT! IT'S EVIL!

PICKING UP A LARGE *MACHETE*, ONE OF THE MANY NATIVE WEAPONS THAT LINE THE WALL OF THE DEN, JEAN BRINGS IT DOWN UPON THE BUST WITH ALL HER FORCE.. SEVERING IT IN TWO..

OUTSIDE IN THE DESERTED PARK, A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM SHATTERS THE STILLNESS.. ECHOING FROM TREE TO TREE.. BENCH TO BENCH

E-E-E-E-E

A POLICEMAN, HEARING THE UNEARTHLY CRY, RUSHES TO THE SCENE..

GULP! GOOD LORD! HOW HORRIBLE! IT'S AN UGLY, REVOLTING OLD MAN! SPLIT IN TWO!

AND BACK AT GEORGE BARKER'S HOUSE

WHY! THE SMASHED STATUE! IT IT'S NOT UGLY ANY LONGER! IT LOOKS.. LIKE GEORGE

AND THAT'S MY VOODOO TALE, DEAR READER! LIKE IT? I HOPE SO! AT LEAST IT HAD A SHATTERING CLIMAX! REALLY SIDE-SPLITTING! HEH, HEH! WELL! I'LL SEE YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT!* I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU WITH MORE HORROR STORIES! BE SURE AND COME, WON'T YOU!

THE END